

BARON TOMLINSON'S

Learned

SPEECH

To the

SHERIFFS

OF

LONDON

AND

MIDDLESEX;

When they came to be Sworn

AT THE

CHEQUER.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1659.

RAYMOND TOMLINSON
1871

SPENCE

SHERIFF

LODGE

MIDDLESEX

CHIEF

1871

Printed in the Year 1871



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LEARNED

S P E E C H

To the Sheriffs of London, &c.

How do you *Mr. Warner*? God save you *Mr. Love*.
Gentlemen Citizens, I observe in you three things; First that yee are well clad; from whence I note that yee are no Slovens. Truly I wish I were a Sheriff, so it were not chargeable, and that I might alwayes be in the Office, for certainly a Sheriff can never be a cold, his gown is so warm; and a my word yours seem to be excellent good Scarlet. Some men may ask why you wear red Gowns, and not blew, or green. As for blew, it is a colour that signifies Constancie; now Constancie cannot be attributed to Sheriffs; for a Sheriff, is a Sheriff this year, and none the next. As for Green, it is *Mahomets* colour, and so too Heathenish for a Christian. I confesse *Fuilllemoth*, which signifies decay, had been the most proper colour for a Sheriff, because he puts off his Gown with the fall of the
 A 2 leaf;

leaf; and secondly, because it may decay his Estate, if he be too expensive in his Office. But next to that, Red is the most convenient colour; for indeed most handsome and delectable things are Red, as Roses, Pomgranates, Maidenheads, the Lips, the Tongue, &c. so that indeed our Ancestors did wisely to clothe Magistrates with this decent and becoming colour. 'Tis true I have a Gown too, but they make me wear the worst of any Baron of th' Exchequer; 'tis plain cloth as yee see without any lining; yet my comfort is, I am still a Baron, and I hope I shall be so, as long as I live; when I am dead, I care not who's Baron, or whether there be a Baron or no. The next thing I observe is, that yee look plump and ruddy, from whence I give a shrewd guesse, that yee feed well, and truly if you do so, then you do well, which is my third and last observation concerning yee. But do you know wherefore you come hither? I don't question but you do; however, you must give me leave to tell yee, for in this place I am a better man than either of you both, or indeed both of you put together. Why then I will tell yee; you come hither to take your oaths before me: Gentlemen I am the Puisne Baron of the Chequer, that is to say, the meanest Baron; for though I am not guilty of interpreting many hard words, yet this hath been so continually beaten into my head, that I doe very well understand it; However I could brook my means well enough (for some men tell me that I deserve no better) were it not the cause of my lifes greatest misery, for here I am constrain'd, or else I must lose my employment, to make Speeches in my old age, and when I have

have one foot in the grave, to stand here with the other talking in publike. Truly Gentlemen 'tis a sad thing, you see what a forc'd part I am put to, even God help me out of this sinful world, for when my bones are at rest, my tongue will be at quiet. I remember, Gentlemen, when I was a Child, if my Mother had asked me if I would have any Victuals that pleased me not, why then I would grow sullen, and make no answer; then would she say, *Sirrah will you have it? Speak*; still not a word from me; *nay then* (said she) *if you won't speak, you shall have nothing*; this is my condition now, either I speak or have nothing, that is be no Baron. I have prayed to God to mend my weak capacity, now if I speak better to day than I us'd to do, you will know that he hath heard my prayers, if not, then 'tis as it was. However, since it is my misfortune, I shall talk to yee as well as I can: But friends, you must not expect that I should ball to you like the fellows that cry Carrots and Turneps in the Street, for that would be troublesome to me, and perhaps cause the Almonds of my ears to fall, with over straining my impotent Lungs. And now it comes into my mind, I desire you when you are in your Office, not to let those fellows yaul so in a morning, for besides that, they will not let the people sleep, the *Crie of Wisdome* can never be heard in your Streets for the perpetual bawling those Carters keep; and truly, if you do not remedy it, I am afraid you will as soon hear the lamentation of wild Nightingales, as the voice of wisdom in your City; Yet though I do not ball, do not think I will whisper neither, for then 'twere impossible you should hear me, and I should seem to sit

upon the Bench like a Madman talking to my self; besides, the Proverb sayes, that where ther's whispering, there's lying. Truly Gentlemen I am an old man, and have liv'd long in the world, and I can assure you I have observ'd these Proverbs, and find them to be wise sayings. I remember when I was a young youth, 'tis a great while agoe Gentlemen, I warrant yee 'tis above five and forty years agoe, my Mother saw me fooling with a knife; *Lay down the knife, boy,* said she, *'tis a dangerous thing to play with edg'd tools.* Truly Gentlemen I believe you find the truth of this; for had your City never medled with *edg'd tools*, they and you I believe had been in a more thriving condition than now. At first you play'd with these *edg'd tools* in your Military and Artillery grounds, and made sport with them before your wives; but I think they have made sport with you since. Truly for my part I can't tell what to do for these *edg'd tools*; and I believe you are in a *quandary* too; for my part I resolve never to meddle with them, and I hope God has given you so much grace and Cowardice, as to do so too; King *James* would never meddle with them you know: now if you won't take my foolish advice, take his wise Counsel. But to return where I left, I say I will neither ball, nor speak softly, but talk in an indifferent tone between both, that you may hear me, and I may hear *my self*, and so we may all hear one another; and truly ther's great reason for't, for by hearing we convey our reason one to another. Now that I have reason, I shall prove; for every man is a rational Creature, now I am a man, therefore I am a reasonable Creature. Gentlemen this makes as much for you as for me; for

for by this do I prove you likewise to be *rational Creatures*, and so fit to be Sheriffs; Thus I find yee qualified for your Office. And truly Gentlemen; Sheriffs are men of very great Antiquity and Authority; Some are of opinion that Sheriffs were invented in *Tyre* and *Zidon*; truly Gentlemen, it stands with reason, for I am sure they were the first inventors of *Scarlet*; but to leave this opinion, I do find in the Bible how *Joseph* was by *Pharaoh* King of *Egypt* made Sheriff of *Gran Cairo*; And *Daniel* also was by *Nebuchadnezzar* King of *Assyria* made Sheriff of *Babylon*. In the first place their habit proves this to be true, for they wore the same badges of their Authority as you have, that is to say *Scarlet Gowns* and *gold Chains*. I will not dispute whether their *Gowns* were lin'd with *fur* or no, neither was it material, nor indeed so requisite, the hotness of those Countries not permitting that for mality. Secondly we read how *Joseph* arrested his Btothers for carrying away his plate, which he could not have done, had he not had *Bailiffs* and *Serjeants* under him, Officers peculiar to a *Sheriff*; and to make it more evident, we do not find that he took out his *Writ* out of any other Office, but his own, which he could not have warranted, had he not been Sheriff himself. But you will say, where were the *two* Sheriffs, to parallel our *two* Sheriffs? to that I answer, where was there a *County of Middlesex* belonging to either of those Cities for the other person to be Sheriff of? was it requisite there should be two Sheriffs in those places, where there was never a *County of Middlesex*, because there are two Sheriffs of *London*, where there is a *County of Middlesex*? No, for it is the County makes the Sheriff, not the Sheriff makes the County. This Gentlemen is Law. Now Gentlemen I shall tell yee more than ever you heard before, to shew you that I have not spent my time in idleness, which is this, that as there is an Arch-Angel, and an Arch-Bishop, and an Arch-Deacon, so is there an Arch-Sheriff, which is *Satan* or *Beelzebub* the Prince of the Air; this is evident from the duty of his employment; for as it is your duty to punish offenders and Sinners in this world, so it is his duty to punish sinners and offenders both in this world and in the world to come. And now I speak of your employment, I shall tell you what it is; First you are the chief *Jaylors* of the Nation, and it is your duty to keep those persons that are committed to your charge, as close, as your wives lock up their best Jewels; To this purpose *Mr. Warner*, are the two *Counters* at your disposal, and *Newgate*, *Mr. Love*, is appointed for your *Portion*. Secondly you are the chief Executioners of Sentences upon Malefactors, whether it be whipping, burning, or hanging, thus *Mr. Sheriffs*, doth *Tyburn* become your *Lot*. And now we talk of hanging, *Mr. Sheriff*, I shall intreat a fa-

I know you will have many occasions before this time twelvemonth, and I hope I have spoken in time, pray make use of him, you'll do the poor man a favour, and your self no prejudice. Pray Gentlemen what have you to dinner? for I profess I forgot to go to Market yesterday, that I might get my speech by heart. Truly Gentlemen I count it no dishonour to go to market my self; there is no trusting to servants; had you lived as long in the world as I have done, you would say so; when I was a young man as you are, I thought scorn to go to Market then as well as you; but since I went my self, I find that my servants cheated me of I warrant you five pound in a year, they would reckon me two shillings for a leg of Mutton, which I can buy as good a one now for five groats and two pence. One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten, Eleven, Twelve a clock, well God buy to ye Gentlemen; but stay, I have forgot the main thing ye came for: I must give you your oath. Lord what a crazie memory have I? but you must excuse me Gentlemen, my thoughts are not ubiquitary, they cannot be in your Kitchen and my head both at one time. Gentlemen there are several sorts of oaths; there's the Protector's oath, *by the living God*, there's the Cavaleers oath, *God damm me*; and her's the Chambermaids oath, *As I am honest*. Then there is an oath which you are to swear, and which all men swear that take upon them employments of trust; *So help me God*. Now some men say this is not an oath, but my conscience tells me the contrary. Truly there are so many opinions that a man cannot tell which to believe. However I have sworn this oath twenty times, and would do twenty times more, before I would lose my place. But why do I use persuasion? I see you are come with a resolution to swear, and I am come to swear ye, and so we are agreed. Well now you have heard what those things are which you must swear; lay your hands on the book and say, *As God help us Mr. Baron, wee will perform all these things as well as we can*. Thus Mr. Sheriffs you hear what you have sworn; pray be diligent and carefull to observe every particular, fear God, obey your Superiors, and Rule your City with prudence; that as you are Sheriffs you may become Mayors, and being Mayors may be Knighted; and being Knighted, may die full of age and worship, and be buried with Scocheons. Now Mr. Sheriffs get ye home, kiss your wives, and by that time the Cloth's layd Ile be with ye, and so God buy till I see ye again.

